

# THE PARCELS POST SCARE.

BY FERDINAND G. LONG.



Platt (to Mark Hanna)—We don't want a parcels post. What we want is an Express Company Subsidy Bill.

## EXERCISE AS A FAD.

Building Up Mere Muscle Makes a Man Old Before His Time.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS, the great story teller known to the English-speaking world, once wrote a novel—and it was one of his best—to illustrate the proposition that athletic training makes men old before their time, shortens their lives, and reduces vitality in the process of building up mere muscle. The book was named "Man and Wife," and the description of Geoffrey Delamain, the illustrious athlete, contained a world of wisdom. We see the demonstration of this important truth in a thousand every-day experiences. We hear pugilists and carmen called old and "stale" at thirty. We see race horses retired from the course at six as "aged." All animals, human or brute, that habitually undergo so-called training—another term

for exercise—are made prematurely old. They are the easy victims of every disease. They have not the vitality of any ordinary boy or girl of twelve. When Yousuf, the Turkish wrestler, visited this country and let it become known—as was the fact—that he never "trained," that he lived a life of idleness; smoked cigarettes without number; ate anything that struck his fancy, and drank beer by the bucketful—when these things "saked out" and were to a certain extent, corroborated by Yousuf's personal appearance as an enormous, soft, fat and flabby person—all the knowing ones declared with scorn that he would be an easy prey for the thoroughly conditioned champion of America. When the two came together, however, the fat and flabby Turk took Ros-

## LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

"What if He Should See Another Girl Like That Girl Better?"

A YOUNG girl writes me as follows: "About six months ago I met a young man with whom I fell in love at first sight. He has called on me each evening since then. I am employed in a store and he comes to the store for me and takes me home. "He says over and over that he loves me twice as much as I do him, but I cannot help thinking, 'What if he should see some other young girl whom he might like better?' "I have always been told that men could not love, and I have seen so many unhappy marriages that I have always believed it. "What is your opinion?"



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

It is unusual to find so much distrust in the heart of the young and inexperienced. It is a part of every young girl's life to believe in love and a lover, and it is quite right that this should be so. The young man in question has given you convincing proof of his loyalty. Why doubt him?

ple proof of the love and devotion of mankind. Look at the homes they have reared for wives and little ones; observe how most men toil early and late and uncomplainingly that the wives whom they have wedded may have a happy and carefree life of it. I assure you, my dear, not one marriage in a thousand turns out unhappily.

We hear occasionally, through the public prints, of the unhappy ones, while we never hear of the tens of thousands of ideal ones.

It is the suspicious, exacting women that usually make much of the world's unhappiness. I would advise such a one never to wed until she can feel perfect confidence in the man of her choice and she goes to the altar with him. Suspicion is the blight which kills many a blossom of love.

Young girls should never give way to such morbid fancies. Have more confidence in yourself and your own charms than to suppose any other girl capable of winning your admirer from you. Never doubt a man's word, his honor or his intentions until you have good and sufficient reason to do so.

It is very cruel for those who have met with misfortune through love to imbue every young heart they come across with the belief that every one in the world is false and that there are no hearts true. Men have loved fervently and truly in all ages, and will continue to do so until the end of time. LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

## REPOSE OF BODY AND MIND.

By Anna M. Pennock In the Health Magazine.

WE cannot write or talk too much of repose in this busy, bustling world, where people are keyed to such high nerve tension. More mental quiet is an unconscious demand of the race to-day. Healthy repose of body is a symbol of strength and power of mind.

On every side we meet with this mental unrest, this struggle with burdens of some variety, until from the expenditure of nerve force a large number are among the never-well, always-tired class, after which follows the morbid, and finally the insane.

By repose we do not mean idleness or sluggishness, for that is a death-dealing power, but we mean steady, quiet, life-building activity. Every healthy child is brimful of active life, but it is restless only under artificial conditions.

If repose is power then we cannot too

early train the child to observe times of daily repose, short intervals when both mind and body rest. Our public schools should cultivate more repose on the part of both teacher and pupil, for in the school lies much of the moulding of the race. These practical psychological and physiological lessons can be incidentally taught, and would result in a freer, healthier, and happier people. The schools would send home fewer tired nerves if relaxation and energizing were more frequently alternated during the day.

Train the mind to free the nerves, relax the muscles and lay the inert body down to natural sleep. If you are not able to keep the body still you cannot control the mind; then begin by training the body to lie in repose. Focus the thought force on using the right nerves and correct muscles for the immediate work and let those off of duty rest. If every person weighed down with cares and tired muscles would thoroughly relax for a short period daily they could retain and generate force sufficient to accomplish the remainder of the day's work without exhaustion, and the mind would thus be able to evolve new plans and ideas.

It would be a blessing to humanity if there were retreats throughout the business part of every city for times of silence interspersed with music, because it possesses the special power to quiet and harmony. Many persons never enter a car or boat, read, teach or listen that the nerve tension does not increase, muscles contract, wrinkles come and a sufficient amount of nerve force is wasted to have prevented any bodily discomfort or fatigue. Why? From ignorance how to run their own machinery.

Note how many in conversation talk all over it; tires one to see every nerve and muscle expending force for one duty. Mark the irregular use of the voice of the many tired mothers and teachers; then they wonder why they fail to discipline the children. The loss of force has weakened the nerves and the soul cannot express powerfully through them. Those who have young girls in charge will soon note how strongly people live in their emotional nature, vacillating between elation and depression. There

is a difference between true and false feeling.

You have to reach the girl on the aesthetic side, convincing her that repose and equipose are beautiful as well as healthful. Much of this sensitiveness, self-pity, sympathy, self-consciousness, self-centred and uncontrollable temper contract the nerves until it becomes a disease.

## IN JAPANESE EASE.

The woman of fashion has put her seal upon the Japanese Kimono as the ideal costume for hours of relaxation and



Idleness. This model is of black Japanese silk, most richly covered with emerald green of silk and green, the lining being of a charming shade of brick red.

# The World.

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## CHARLES DANA GIBSON ON DAY-DREAMING AND DAY-DOING.

Miss Carew, interviewing and illustrating Charles Dana Gibson for The World, finally beguiled him into talking about his work in a personal way. He said a few words about his early study.

"Did you dream of being a great painter or great illustrator?" she asked. "Didn't dream of being anything great. Just wanted to learn how to draw," was his reply.

"Aim high!" "Hitch your wagon to a star!" "Remember that Vanderbilt was a ferryman, Astor a peddler, Lincoln a farm hand!"—these are specimens of the maxims that are stuffed down the throats of the youth of the Republic. Parents and teachers and school visitors urge the little boys and little girls to day-dreams, to pick out one of the big prizes of life and work for it.

And so we find everywhere young men and young women dissatisfied, restless, neglecting the work in hand, the opportunity that offers, furious because they are not getting their due. The salesgirl envies the forewoman; the forewoman envies the shopkeeper's wife; the clerk envies his rising former associate; the kitchen maid rails against the "lady in the parlor;" the "lady in the parlor" is in a frenzy of green jealousy of some other "lady" in some other parlor who has more diamonds or traps or gowns or a more distinguished or richer husband.

All these have hitched their wagons to stars, or what they think are stars. And they are increasingly impatient because the procession doesn't move. Why doesn't it move?

Now, there is undoubtedly no more wholesome feeling in the world than discontent, just as there is no more unwholesome feeling than content. To be contented means to be slipping backward; to be discontented—in the right way—means progress. But the right way is not discontent with others, not sharing, envying, secreting and exuding malice and jealousy. That is the sort of discontent which possesses the star-attached day-dreamers.

The right sort of discontent is discontent with one's self. In that same interview of Miss Carew's, Mr. Gibson says: "Be your own critic. When I do anything I come the next morning and find so many faults in it that I haven't time to sit down and correct them all."

Better than all the maxims about high aim and stars and the rest is the Bible recipe of which Mr. Gibson's maxim about learning to draw is one form: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

There have been great men who in their youth fixed their ambitions for prizes high. But that was not the reason or any part of the reason for their achieving those ambitions. When Napoleon, a poverty-stricken, obscure lieutenant, was courting Josephine he said, pointing to his sword: "With this I shall go far." But he didn't say or even imagine how far. And when he did finally form a definite ambition for a remote goal, it was after he had "lost his head." That ambition was the sovereignty of Europe, and it is not necessary to say what its event was.

An ambition for a definite big prize, formed prematurely, is almost always a source of bitter disappointment. The man who fixes the Presidency as his goal is a disappointed and soured man even though he becomes Secretary of State or the foremost orator of his time. A man who sets his heart on \$1,000,000 has all the self-torture of failure if he gets only \$500,000. The man who sets his heart on a partnership in the firm is miserable even though he becomes superintendent at a large salary.

Don't dream of the Presidency. \* Just try to be the best citizen in your district and let yourself grow. Don't dream of \$40,000,000. Just try to earn an advance in your present salary and let yourself grow. Don't dream of a partnership. Just try to be the best bundle-tie at the package counter and let yourself grow. Don't dream of carriages and diamonds and boxes at the opera. Just try to be the cleanest, most economical, most capable, most progressive flat-housekeeper in the whole building. Don't nag because your husband is not a great man. Try to be the great wife of a small man—which is much better than being the small wife of a great man, or indeed than being any kind of a wife to the average kind of busy, absorbed, undomestic great man.

Mr. Gibson and the other great men and the other successful men of all kinds and descriptions do not waste time in talking of what they used to do or in dreaming of what they are going to do or be some day. They just do—do early and late, day in and day out. And presently they find a star quietly hitching itself to their wagon.

## HE'LL GET OVER IT IN TIME.



Sure, an O'Grady have a beautiful husband. She have been married three months an' never a black eye have he given her yet!

# HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE CHARLIE?

By T. E. POWERS.



1.—How'd you like to go to lovely Lonesomehurst to visit Miss Tootsey Wootsey (oblivious of the fact that her papa, who had suffered of late from the depredations of chicken thieves, had set a bear trap in the yard)—as Charlie did?

2.—And trip blithely up the garden path, warbling "Dinah," and feeling that your jaunty air and striking costume will land you under the wing of her length ahead of your foremost competitor for Tootsey's heart—as Charlie did?

3.—And step into that bear trap, in the inky darkness, and have its cruel springs grip you like a drowning man or a creditor, and have good Deacon Wootsey attracted by your squeals, and be mistaken by him in the darkness for a marauder and swatted by him full sore—as Charlie was?

4.—And have him bring a lantern at last to show the fair Tootsey how he has half-murdered a chicken thief, and have her recognize you and add her squeaks to your squawks, while papa roars with wicked glee and calls you a lobster—AS HE DID CHARLIE.

## HIS FIRST EFFORT.



Friend—Has little Billy made his debut yet? Whiskers—Sure. That's his debut he's a-buttin' of now.

## PLENTY IN STORE.



The New Cop—Come on wid yer! Of may set another stripe for this capture. The Old Offender—Go wan! The chances are I'll get dozens of stripes.

## SWEET VOICE SWAYS THE SOUL.

Every Woman Should Cultivate One.

WOMEN at the present time seem fully persuaded of the truth of the younger Pitty's saying: "The living voice is that which sways the soul." In nearly every public place, train, restaurant or what not, they are conspicuous by their much speaking. The pity is that in their attempts to "sway the soul" of their hearers they forget that the swaying may be in two ways—it may attract or it may revolt. Of course, every woman wishes that her voice may attract, and she should take every possible care that it should do so. She can recall, perhaps, some one to whom people listened willingly, and of whom they said that she had a pleasant voice, says the Chicago News.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Good Advice About Caring for the Baby.

A Physician's Care Required.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have a boy three and a half years old who seems to be healthy in every respect, but I have noticed that he has cold sweats during the night while sleeping. Kindly let me know whether

it is dangerous, and a cure for the same.

MRS. F. PATRICK, New Brighton, N. Y.

HERE a baby exhibits these symptoms it should have the care of a physician at once. Night sweats are a pretty sure indication that there is something wrong with the child's nutrition.

Queer Diet for a Baby.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have a baby six months old. He is my first one. He is a bottle-raised baby. What is best to feed him? I feed him now on cow's milk and lime water and a prepared food. I give him mashed potatoes and rare meats to suck and I feed him uncooked apples. I sometimes give him pork rinds to suck on. Do I do right or wrong?

Mrs. J. F.

YOUR baby, six months old, does not require mashed potatoes, and you could not do a more unwise thing than to give him the uncooked apples and the pork rind. The little one must have a strong constitution if he has endured this diet without protest until now.

The diet of an infant of six months should consist of six meals. Morning and midday bottles—milk, nine table-spoonfuls; cream, one table-spoonful; the prepared food you mention, one tea-spoonful. Hot water, two table-spoonfuls. Dissolve the food in the hot water and add to the previous mixture of milk and cream.

The other bottles should not have the artificial food, but should be mixed as follows:

Milk, nine table-spoonfuls; cream, one table-spoonful; milk sugar, one tea-spoonful; water, two table-spoonfuls, this making an equivalent of thirty-six ounces of food in a day, which is all a baby of six months should require.

This is also intended as an answer to the "Perplexed Mother," who writes:

"What a mistake it is!" observed the doctor, as they walked along the shore, "to speak of this as the watery 'waste'! There isn't a drop that is wasted. 'Waste' out the ocean the contents themselves would soon become uninhabited coasts."

"Therefore," commented the professor, "while it leaves the sand it saves the land."

A Florida Mother's Flight.

My baby was born in New York, but we have been in Florida six weeks and expect to make our home here. She seemed to thrive splendidly until about two weeks after our arrival. We both took fever and since that time she has never been well. She cries continually as though in great pain. I have given her every colic mixture I know of. The doctor gave me a medicine, but I see no benefit. A TROUBLED MOTHER.

Tallahassee, Fla.

O, I do not think the trouble is with you. You seem to have done everything a mother could. But I am not competent to advise you in this matter. Only a physician who knows the baby's medical history can probably give you counsel.

I can only say that I should hesitate to give the baby the colic mixture without knowing what they were composed of. Too many of them are made up of drugs that do great harm.

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

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A novel and beautiful gown is of pale gray cloth with one part bearing woven figures of soft silk fringe woven into the material. The trimming is innocent passerelle in deep points.